

Poetry & Poets

by XXXX

"I've read your blog recently," my friend told me over waffles and cold potato salad at 10PM, "and something strange is going on in there."

"What are you talking about," I said.

I was having the waffles.

I was also having the potato salad.

He had water because he was watching his weight, which was a hobby I didn't care for.

"Poetry," he said. "Poetry everywhere."

"I try," I said. "You think they're any good?"

"I can't tell," he said. "I'm not really into those things."

"Well, do you at least enjoy them?"

"There are sexual stuff in like every poem, tho."

"Not in EVERY poem."

"Most," he said. "Either someone is getting fucked, there is fucking involved, or the concept is just explored to discomfort."

"So it is any good."

"Look," he said. "What matters is that you're happy. You know more about that stuff than I do. I can't answer your questions."

"We're going back to my house to read all my poems. You can't do anything about it."

"I can't I'm going to wash my pubic hair today."

"Your pubic hair is fine. We're going."

"They're ok," he said. "They really are. They're very ok. The best ok since forever."

I cut into my waffle.

There were street children playing tag outside.

I said: "You can't help it sometimes. You just have to write poetry."

"Well sometimes you just got to wash your pubic hair but we both know what you think of that."

